

## Catie Rosemurgy

### Preemie

You're in the right place, all the things  
we love are curled. Time wraps its tail.  
Women wear tendrils in the rain.  
We can't pick you up to prove it,  
but you seem to be the pink shell  
we've been walking the beach hoping  
to find. No? You are a skinned fruit?  
The universe's collapsing ear? Yes.  
We don't whisper to you but into you.  
We say, *Come towards us*. We say *This woman*,  
*this breast is the best we have to offer*.

### Five Months Bed Rest, Weak Placenta

When your life depends upon not moving,  
I've found, you know more. We squirm within  
the grip of houses. We escape into the yard  
the way Monday escapes into Tuesday,  
and only the luckiest people on earth  
have ever done so. The disappointment  
of my life? That I haven't turned into a cave.  
Ringing, like movement, must be kept away  
from me, but my friends want to call me and say  
oh no no no. I tell them that so far  
they know nothing of themselves, but I do this  
nicely, by not answering. The world can  
die inside you, girls. Food, your mouth, your husband,  
everything tastes different once you learn this.